

NEW YORK JOURNAL  
AND ADVERTISER.  
W. R. HEARST.

162 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1897.

THE WEATHER.—Official forecasts for to-day indicate fair and warmer weather.

PRESIDENT  
LOW'S  
PERPLEXITIES.

That excellent collegian, Mr. Seth Low—who, despite the doubts of our contemporaries, the Sun, is really quite well educated—has shown great wisdom in fleeing from New York for one of those long vacations which come to college presidents, but not to mayors or other working-men. If he were here his scholarly seclusion would be invaded daily by rude men with political yearnings, and his perusal of the classics of literature interrupted by the absolute necessity of reading a new interview with Mr. Quigg every day. For Quigg is the embodiment, or let us say, rather, the megaphone, of the anti-Low sentiment among Republicans. Not that he is without the most earnest admiration for Mr. Low. The only trouble is that, like the man who voted to ostracize Aristides, he is tired of hearing him continually eulogized, particularly before the regular Republican organization has pronounced him worthy of applause. If the over-enthusiastic "Cits" would only stop shouting long enough to let Mr. Quigg say that he was the original Low man, the feast of adulation might proceed without interruption. If we understand Mr. Quigg, who acts as spokesman for Mr. Platt, aright, Mr. Low would be the best Mayorality candidate New York has ever seen if he were nominated by the Republican party at 10 a. m. and by the Citizens' Union at noon. If the hours were reversed the dictates of the purest patriotism would compel Messrs. Platt and Quigg to point out that Low's election would be a menace to good government and the public weal. Perhaps this situation may puzzle Mr. Low, but that is only because he is nothing but a mere scholar and not a statesman. Disraeli, it was, we believe, who said "Bookworms never yet made chancellors of state."

But if the convictions of Quigg are perplexing, the conflicting expectations which Mr. Low's most earnest supporters cherish of the results of his election are positively dizzying. In New York—or, as we soon shall have to call it, the borough of Manhattan—Mr. Low is held to be the great Platt-smasher. He is the incarnation of revolt against machine rule. He is the harbinger of the happy day when municipal politics shall be wholly divorced from national issues. He is to be politically the creation of a public sentiment which is directed against Platt and all his works, and his election is to mean a stinging rebuke to the "Easy Boss."

This sounds very well and very stimulating to the protestants against Platt's regime. But in addition to a great moral purpose the Low movement needs votes, and so we find its managers coquetting with machine politicians in Kings, Queens and Richmond counties. They are making friends with the Mammon of Unrighteousness in a way which certainly relieves them of the charge of being amateur politicians. Yet here again they encounter complications. The anti-Platt Republicans of Brooklyn, headed by Atterbury, "McKinley's choice for Postmaster," as the Mail and Express describes him, have suddenly deserted the Low standard. The capture of "ake" Worth by the "Cits" repelled these patriots. They look upon the Citizens' Union as an adjunct to the machine they long have fought, and now propose to fight both Union and machine.

As a philosopher, rather than a politician, Mr. Low should find entertainment in the contemplation of his present political status. He is an anti-machine candidate whose supporters have captured the machines of Kings, Queens and Richmond counties. He is entered to down Platt, but his supporters have driven veteran anti-Platt politicians back to the support of the Boss. He is good enough for the Republican party to nominate, but not good enough for the Republican party to support. Indeed, he is about as protean a politician as American conditions ever produced. And when he considers that all the complications which beset his candidacy, all the innumerable which have been directed against him, proceed from members of what may be considered his own party, he must wonder what the future has in store for him. For he it remembered that the Democratic party, which Mr. Low will have to reckon with after he has "downed" Platt, has been entirely silent concerning his aspirations and his prospects for achieving them.

THE  
TRUST-TAKING  
PROFITS.

The Sugar trust yesterday announced an increase of 1-16 of a cent a pound in the price of three grades of refined sugar. That is a trifle, but it represents about \$2,500,000 on the year's consumption of the country.

It represents an increase of nearly a million dollars in the value of the 700,000 tons of raw sugar which the Trust imported under the old duties. Without any further advance it would justify an increase of about 7 per cent in the year's dividends on the common stock of the American Sugar Refineries Company.

Of course this is only a small part of the total gain the Trust will derive from the new tariff. Mr. Havemeyer prefers to raise his prices a shade at a time rather than to startle the public by too high a jump all at once. The price began to go up even before the tariff had finally gone into effect, and it has certainly not finished going up yet. But it is strange that yesterday's increase, small as it was in itself, did not have more effect on the stock market. One would have thought that an opportunity to add 7 per cent to the year's dividends would add something to the value of the shares. It can hardly be that Wall Street assumed that this money would not go to the stockholders. Where else could it go, unless there happened to be some outstanding bills in connection with the arrangement of the sugar schedule in the Senate?

NEW ALLIES  
AGAINST  
NOISE.

If everybody in New York were President of the Board of Aldermen and Acting Mayor, and could have two policemen staked out in front of his house to maintain quiet, there might be some hope of abating the plague of noises, but as this is a political and mathematical impossibility it has seemed until now as if the nerves of the residents of the borough of Manhattan were doomed to remain continually upon the rack. At last, however, relief has appeared, and from a totally unexpected quarter. Unobtrusively, softly, like a benediction, the indefatigable flea has entered the deafened metropolis and enlisted in the cause of peace and order. From his old stronghold in Harlem the flea has advanced to Twenty-third street, and consternation has spread among the policeman in his wake. One enemy of society who maintains three dogs and a parrot in a crowded neighborhood makes this confession of approaching defeat:

"The fleas have been so thick that my three dogs have not been able to get at them for more than two weeks. I take the on the roof

for exercise. Why, even my parrot is so plagued by them that it doesn't get a wink of sleep nights.

It is obvious that before long this parrot must perish of insomnia, and while it is impossible to set limits to the devotion of a person who voluntarily enters the service of three dogs, there is reason to believe that if the fleas persevere the animals will eventually be removed to some suburban resort, if not to another world.

Another lady says that she has been compelled to sacrifice her pet cat, and in still other cases the operators on pianos, cornets, trombones and concertinas have been compelled to suspend their nefarious work and do battle with the invaders.

If such results have been accomplished so early in the campaign, what may we not expect when the war is older? With dogs, cats, parrots and musicians suppressed, the noise nuisance will be reduced to the manageable output of elevated trains, trucks and hucksters. When New York becomes a quiet city, its grateful inhabitants should erect a memorial statue, of heroic size, representing a flea with its claw resting warningly upon its lips.

A CAMPAIGN  
OF  
EDUCATION.

The statesman who put in the new tariff the provision taxing all the personal effects of travellers in excess of \$100 to each person builded better than he knew. The free trade propaganda carried on by the Tariff Reform Committee of the Reform Club is feeble and ineffective compared with the doughty blows the customs inspectors are striking against protection on the arrival of every steamer from Europe. And every blow lands precisely where it will do the most good. Nine-tenths of the returning American passengers are probably Republicans, and most of them belong to the families of liberal contributors to the campaign funds that make Dingley laws possible. These people are inaccessible to political arguments. They never read an opposition paper, never hear an opposition speech, and seldom encounter an opposition argument in society. But when a custom house official opens their trunks, paws over their Parisian finery and figures up the cost of every photograph and every article of apparel, they begin to do some serious thinking, for the first time in their lives, upon the real meaning of protective tariffs.

They learn to distinguish, too, between a tariff for revenue and a tariff for protection. They see that with all its exertion and its vexatious interference with private affairs the Government is unable to collect enough from the contents of trunks and valises to be worth considering, from a revenue point of view, and that it has to spend about \$25 to collect every hundred of that. Hence they see that the Government is not taking all this trouble and putting its citizens to all this annoyance for its own benefit, but that it has been turned into the agent of certain private interests.

This educational process permeates the whole country as the returning tourists filter home, and it reaches the very nerve centres of the protective system. When the men who supply the Hanna campaign funds are smarting from the indignities endured in the name of protection, and when their injured wives and daughters, with the relentless memory of the sex, continually rub salt on the sore spots, the war tariff policy is in danger.

THE  
YELLOW  
EPIDEMIC.

The world has been unearthed in Northern China, close to the Siberian border.

Maybe this outbreak of gold on the face of the earth is a sort of spreading rash, like measles or prickly heat.

The Chinese story has not been digested and here comes along a hot message from Venezuela that gold is thicker in the gulches of the upper Orinoco than diplomatic difficulties about the Schomburgk line. But the Venezuelan discovery is hardly in general circulation when via New Orleans comes another bounding tale. This time it is Nicaragua that is cast for the part of El Dorado.

This eruption of bonanzas has stirred the old fields to new activity, at least in the direction of rich tales. Coffee Creek, near Redding, California, sends word to a gladdened world that \$40,000 in gold dust and nuggets was taken in a single afternoon out of the same hole from which certain brothers named Graves garnered \$42,000 last Saturday. Emulous of Coffee Gulch, Morrison Gulch, further up the State, sullenly utters a story of \$18,000 worth of dust which was the reward of half a day's work of two miners, and carelessly mentions that \$40 to the pan is a mild average for that particular gulch.

Idaho's contribution to the yellow epidemic is couched in general terms, and Colorado is getting ready with a new Cripple Creek, while from old Nevada Senators Stewart and Jones blithely say that the silver miners are deserting the industry for which they have fought so hard and are all going into gold mining.

Unless some check to these discoveries happens along pretty soon the competition will become so keen that the rival gold fields will have to advertise all sorts of new attractions, like the watering places and seaside hotels, and the argonauts will be able to travel around with the seasons, summering in Alaska, wintering in South or Central America, springing in California and falling wherever that part of the year is most salubrious. The kit of the fashionable miner will have to embrace everything from furs to tennis flannels in the prospective millennium of the diggers for gold.

The United States Consul at Tientsin, China, reports to the Department of State that his wife gave birth to a son on the 27th of July. Yet there are those professional fault finders who continue to declare that our consular service is a useless affair.

Secretary Dick's dicker with the Ohio Populists is quite a success from the Hanna standpoint. Mark had the Ohio gold Democrats in stock before reaching out for the Populists.

A Texas man has applied for divorce on the ground that his wife is addicted to the inordinate drinking of buttermilk. This is the best Texas can do in the new woman line.

If the Chicago court succeeds in forcing that Alderman to tell all he knows about hoodlums, there will be sure to be a complaint from the overworked stenographers.

"New York needs Roosevelt" is the vigorous vociferation of a mistaken exchange. What New York really needs is more Rusles and fewer Roosevelts.

The news from Ohio indicates quite clearly that Mark Hanna has capitalized a middle-of-the-road Populist movement in that State.

Secretary Alger always contended that there was something seriously wrong with Secretary Sherman's department of recollections.

Has it occurred to Mr. Rockefeller that an injunction from a Federal court might do the business for the Tarrytown assessors?

John Sherman's next book of recollections should contain a chapter on interviews he has forgotten.

Of course, General Alger didn't lobby on the lumber tariff. A lobbyist is a man with invisible means of support.

Taking Chances.

Nobility for the  
Potter Palmers.

NOTHING is quite so impressive in American society as familiarity with the English nobility.

Many shrewd Yankees have observed this fact and have made use of it to realize their social aspirations.

To be on visiting terms with the holder of any kind of a title is something of which to boast, while to be able to shake the hand of a Duke or an Earl or to get a nod from a Prince is to walk with an expanded chest and a tip-tilted nose.

The George Goulds went up a hundred per cent in the estimation of New York's haut ton after that English campaign in which they came in contact with the Prince of Wales.

The whole Vanderbilt family was exalted by the marriage of the little Countess to the Duke of Marlborough.

Newport is ready to fall at the feet of the Ogden Goetts since they have been hobnobbing with royalty.

Mrs. Bradley Martin is twice as big since she became the grandmother of the heir to the Earldom of Craven.

Now, all these instances and many more that I might mention have not escaped the attention of Mr. and Mrs. Potter Palmer, who are shrewdly observant and succeed in everything they undertake, from running a Chicago hotel to giving a Newport ball.

They have come into contact with nobility quite as often as anybody else on this side of the Atlantic, and while such contact has not been always strictly social, it has given the Potter Palmers an excellent insight into the ways and means, as it were, of the highest classes.

Therefore, it is not altogether with astonishment that the American beau monde will receive the announcement that the Countess of Aberdeen is now voyaging on the City of Paris with the definite purpose of visiting the Potter Palmers at Arleigh, their Newport cottage.

In order to exploit their noble guest with due propriety, the Potter Palmers have arranged for a grand ball on the evening of August 31.

Other entertainments will be given in honor of the Countess of Aberdeen during her stay in Newport, and there is every evidence that she will have no cause to regret her visit.

Chauncey Depew attracted universal attention in Newport yesterday afternoon by riding his bicycle down Bellevue avenue.

Professor Isaac Johnson, Chauncey's African instructor in the art of bliking, kept at a respectful but helpful distance during the entire exhibition, and at its successful conclusion beamed with proud satisfaction.

Heretofore Dr. Depew has confined his bliking to the practically unfrequented Annandale road in the early morning hours, but his exploit yesterday puts him out of the kindergarten class, and he may now be trusted to take his chance with malicious teamsters, inconsiderate dogs and horseless carriages.

The only carriage on the beach has manifested a desire for company.

It is announced that Mrs. Ogden Mills will give a musicale to-night, at which the Neapolitan Quartet will appear in costume and sing jubilee songs.

If there is any one thing that suggests the absolutely appropriate, it is the conjunction of a Neapolitan costume with a jubilee song.

Bishop Potter will officiate at the wedding of Miss Nathalie Dresser and John Nicholas Brown in Trinity Church, Newport, at noon on September 8.

There will be no bridesmaids and the list of ushers has not been announced.

Miss Dresser is now in New York looking after details of her trousseau.

The first game of polo on the new grounds at Newport will be played this afternoon by the Myoplas and the Westchesters.

The former team will be represented by R. L. Agassiz, Robert G. Shaw, George H. Norman, Jr., and A. P. Gardner; the latter by Stanley Mortimer, John E. Cowdin, Lawrence Waterbury and Montgomery Waterbury.

Myopla is handicapped two goals, and its players are old and tried, but for all that I shall expect to see the Westchesters put up a stiff game.

Cowdin is a cracking player, and the Waterbury boys are regular young devils after the ball, while dear old Mortimer may be depended upon always to do his level best, which isn't so bad when you take into account his detestable ill-luck.

On the other side Agassiz and Shaw ride like demons. There is little doubt that the game will be hot from start to finish.

The Narragansett set, headed by Grenville Kane, will be in evidence all through polo week and will make itself heard, if not felt.

Mrs. Lorillard Spencer has bought a horseless carriage, and says apologetically that she did it because she has no horses and must have something in which to go about.

Foxie Keene is raising the dence in Newport with a gasoline bicycle, which he took up from Hempstead and for which he makes no apology whatever.

It is to eat.

The Potter Palmers gave a dinner last night, which was attended by Mrs. Astor, Mr. and Mrs. L. Townsend Burden, Mr. and Mrs. William F. Burden, Livingston Ludlow, Egerton Winthrop, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Wyson, Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Brice, Mr. and Mrs. Elsie Dyer, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. A. Cass Canfield, Miss Josephine Johnson, Chauncey M. Depew and Mr. and Mrs. Jordan L. Meit.

Mrs. Mortimer Brooks, Miss G. Ogden Jones, Thomas F. Cushing and Mrs. F. S. G. d'Hauterville also entertained at dinner last night.

To-day Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, Dr. Depew, Mrs. Calvin S. Brice, Mrs. James Hyde Beckman and Miss Josephine Johnson will see to it that hunger shall not gnaw Newport's vitals.

CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.

His Chilcote Pass.

An Acheleon newly married man, who has been looking at other married men with a superior air, has reached his Chilcote Pass. His wife's two sisters will arrive next month to remain until Spring. Before he gets through this trouble, he will be looking as meek and careworn as other men.

A Definition.

Of course, General Alger didn't lobby on the lumber tariff. A lobbyist is a man with invisible means of support.

Taking Chances.

When only one office seeker in seventy-two gets a job, it is not surprising that men can be found who are willing to take chances in the hope of getting a job.

Reckless, the Journal's Miller grapes were sent.

Tammany Tim Discusses and  
Discourses of Sherman.

SAY! It makes me damp about d' lumps d' way Old Man Sherman's gettin' d' roast; an' that's on d' dead level. I'm sorry for d' old geezer. Of course, everybody's on to it, he's got bats in his belly; but after all, it ain't so bad as d' papers stacks it up. I of late chins me old chum Sherman many an' many's d' time, an' it's his memory. He ain't d' mark he used to be, but he ain't nutty, neither; not on your life! His coming fover, you bet; is all right. But his memory don't register. See! It's like a bell punch when d' bell don't ring.

It makes me weary readin' how Sherman's off his trolley. All in d' world there is funny to him is he needs a new memory to go back of d' mental bat for him. There's too many passed balls, an' too many fumbles, on d' one he's got. An' so they goes an' gives it his doper, when d' fact is there's nothin' except his memory's off its feed. It makes me sick!

But what makes me sultry under d' collar besides is d' attitude of Marky an'



McKinley. It was me put Mack on to it that Sherman is gettin' gay mentally when he calls me to Canton that time before 'naguration.

"What do youse t'ink of me namn' d' old geezer for Sec'tary of State, Tim?" says Mack. We was festin' his side parlor at d' time, an' he had just been givin' a lot of suckers, which their employers had shipped over from Pittsburg to listen to him, d' old rinky dink. "How d' youse size Sherman up?"

"Well, I'll tell youse, Mack," I replies. "Sherman never has a stronger ton than me. But bechut us, d' old mark's gettin' old, see! His memory's sprung a leak an' d' leak is galuin' on d' pump. D' fact is I wouldn't put him in d' cab at all. It's a horse to a hen he'll queer youse."

"There was a dob be d' name of Julius Caesar Burrows," says Mack, "who's a Senator from Michigan, who comes chasin' in here d' other day, an' he gives me d' same song an' dance. An' for that matter, when me an' Sherman talks, d' time he's down to see me. It likewise strikes me his lenzes is gettin' a little blurred. Takin' it at both ends of d' alley, from what you says an' this sucker Burrows says, an' what I tumbles to meself, I guess Sherman's cocoa is growin' a little rained, an' d' old guy's a dead good f'ing to let alone. But d' trouble, Tim, is about Marky."

"What's he got to do about it?" I asks.

"Marky's set his heart on Sherman's seat in d' Senate," says Mack, "an' to clear d' way for Marky I've got to take d' old skate into me Cabinet, see!"

"Why don't youse give Marky d' laugh?" I retorts, for it makes me dead sore what Mack says. "Youse don't have to do d' monkey act with your Cabinet just because that guy Marky gives you d' hunch. He ain't d' only watermelon on d' bill of fare, is he?"

"That's all right for guff, Tim," says Mack, with an air of fatigue, "but Marky's me manager. I've got to take his steer. I'm liable to get it where d' baby wore d' beads any minute if I don't."

"Well, excuse me, Mack," I says, "for stickin' in on d' play. Ordinarily I believes in lettin' every man skin his own cat. But I'm abroad to state it's dead wrong for youse to go coppin' a sneak on poor old Sherman with this State Department racket, when you knows the old guy's eupolo can't stand for it; an' that it's bound to expose him to d' national ha' ha! When Marky comes jhamin' round for Sherman's seat I'd tell him it don't go. Put Marky in d' Cabinet, or enla-boose, or any other place you t'inks he's earned; but if he takes to alrin' his voice an' shootin' off his face about his wantin' Sherman's seat, tell him to go soak his head."

"But I don't see," says Mack, lightnin' a cigar—which is his only vice, he says—"I can't keep up with it why, if Sherman can stay in d' Senate he can't come in d' Cabinet. If he's woody, it looks like they'd size him up for it there. If he'd fan out in d' Cabinet, why don't he fan out where he is?"

"He does," I says, "but nobody minds. Youse 'way off, Mack. If you argues he could pass muster in d' Cabinet, because he does in d' Senate. A crazy man in d' Senate don't count. There's so many of 'em in d' Senate push to begin with; an' then again, when one of 'em gets light-headed d' same ones goes into executive session an' gives him d' smother. Why, a guy could be dead funny in his conk for years in d' Senate, an' with d' other foxy old flies to cover his graft, youse would never ketch on. But in d' State Department it's different. There it's a case of dead open an' shut. D' would's got its lamps on youse, an' with d' first queer move youse 'll be caught off your base, d' ampre'll yell 'Out!' an' there you be."

"I sees what youse is drivin' at, Tim," says Mack, an' he looks as if he's t'inkin'. "A sucker who is dotty gets a chance to lay dead in d' Senate, but in d' Cabinet they gets him out in d' open. They gets action on him an' t'rows d' harpoon into him."

"That's d' stuff," I says. "You carroms on me meanin'. Now, Mack, take a brace, an' when Marky comes galumpin' in an' says he's got to have Sherman's seat an' youse must take Sherman in as Sec'tary of State, tell him to make d' chase of his life, see! Tell him youse have chained this play to a finish with Tammany Tim an' don't want no Sherman in youse."

An' not to go no furder, that's what Mack at the time of me Canton visit says he'll do. But he don't. Marky, I sposes, lams loose at him, an' t'rows a scare into him, an' t'reatens to slam d' door on d' tail of Mack's hopes, or somethin' like that; an' d' dixy come-out is, Sherman gets d' portfolio an' Marky nails his Senate seat. That was a good move, I don't t'ink! To set Sherman up where every galoot can fade him an' make a farmer of him; an' all for what? To give Marky his place in d' Senate.

That's how it's done an' why it's done, Sherman's mental chinnery is smoky, an' his wick needs trimmin' an' all that; I admits it. But Mack an' Marky is on to d' fact all right, all right, long before ever they makes a move. Who is to blame who needs d' crimp put into 'em for it? Is it poor old Sherman who is played for d' sucker, or Mack an' Marky who buncoes him? It's d' notion of me calm life that Mack an' Marky is d' d'ossy deed who needs d' boots thru into 'em, not Sherman. Andme from all that it's d' Republicans who's makin' all d' roar about Sherman slippin' his eccentric right now. An' that's for fair. D' Democrats ain't sayin' a word. It looks, d' whole play does, from soda to hock, as if Marky was out to scrap-heap Sherman an' get rid of d' old sent for good.

Tammany Tim

CONSIDERATE PHYSICIAN.

"I have been attending your wife," said the physician by way of introduction as he entered the office.

"Yes? What do you find is the trouble with her?" asked the business man, looking up from his work.

"Well," returned the physician, thoughtfully, "it is rather difficult to give it a name. What she needs is a change of air."

"Yes?"

"Oh, yes; that's it. She intimates as much herself. But before prescribing anything of that sort I thought I'd drop round and see how you are fixed financially."

"I beg your pardon. I don't quite understand."

"Why, I thought it would be just as well to have a little confidential chat with you before deciding whether I would recommend two weeks on a Wisconsin farm or a month at the seashore."

That it happened that she got two weeks on a farm and the doctor's rather stiff bill

England's Blood  
for India's Soil.

LONDON, Aug. 4.—The terrible price that England pays for her Eastern empire in the blood of the daring few of her sons who hold down the native millions is freshly illustrated in the story of Poonna, as told just now by eyewitnesses of the tragedy who peached Plymouth from Bombay last Sunday. Mrs. Ayerst, the young widow of Lieutenant Ayerst, who was killed by mistake, since he was not in any way connected with the Poonna Plague Committee, the operations of which roused the murderous fits of the inhabitants, tells a particularly dramatic tale. She and her husband were driving home from Government House at Poonna, where Lord Sandhurst was holding a reception on Jubilee night, when the murders occurred. Dr. Severidge, who with Mr. Rand had charge of the segregation camp in Poonna, left Government House directly in advance of the two carriages that cost the one man his life and saved that of the other. All Poonna that night was celebrating the Diamond Jubilee of its gracious Empress, and the Ayersts had left the hood of their victoria down in order that they might better see the fireworks. Half a mile down the road from Government House they heard a shot, and in the darkness saw a native climbing down from behind a carriage some distance in front of them. Mrs. Ayerst said: "What a shame it is for those natives to let off crackers like that and frighten the horses." At that moment, she says, another report sounded close behind them and her husband fell forward with the blood pouring from a wound in his head. She screamed to Lieutenant Lewis in the carriage directly in front, who ran to her assistance. He put Mrs. Ayerst in his own carriage and shouted for a doctor. Just then another vehicle came up and the Lieutenant stopped it, thinking it might contain a medical man. As the occupant seemed to be asleep he touched him on the shoulder and said: "Pardon me—are you a doctor?" The man only groaned in reply, and to his horror Lieutenant Lewis saw that it was Mr. Rand, also in the throes of death.

Truth is funnier than fiction. The Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals held its seventy-third annual meeting last Saturday, being presided over by Sir George Meason, and there being present Lady Meason, the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, Lady Whitaker Ellis and others not sufficiently distinguished to be mentioned in the headlines of the Daily Telegraph, whence I obtain this information. I am glad to be able to state that the Daily Telegraph is a thoroughly reliable paper and incapable of jesting with any institution supported by people with titles; otherwise I should believe that some wag had been having fun with the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. However, Mr. Colman, the secretary, read a long report dealing with the necessity for the society to take immediate measures to prevent cruelty to dogs on the part of bicycle riders. It appears that there are two ways in which cyclists abuse man's best friend. One species of torture occurs when the dog owner goes out on a bicycle, taking the animal with him, and then rides so fast that the poor brute has to run to keep up. The other abuse which Secretary Colman seeks to remedy is the habit of some cyclists of carrying a syringe loaded with ammonia and squirting the same into the eyes of dogs that attack them while riding on the highway. Mr. Colman says that it has been ascertained that ammonia is extremely painful in the eyes of a dog, but the report adds: "Fortunately the ammonia gun is not an effective weapon, owing to the inability of cyclists to take proper aim during rapid riding." It is obvious that Mr. Colman is either a great satirist or a great ass.

The almost incredible greed, rapacity and cruelty of the English usurper that the investigation of the present money-lending system by a special committee of the House of Commons has revealed is tending to bring these Shylocks into even more than ordinary disfavor. Yesterday, for instance, in the Lord Mayor's Court, Thomas Palmer, a money lender, summoned James Brookington, a mechanic, for the payment of eleven pounds two shillings and eight pence, the balance of a sum of thirteen pounds, two shillings and eight pence, which had grown out of a loan of three pounds and ten shillings, and for which judgment had been previously recovered. Brookington said that he had been ill and had been compelled to borrow the three pounds and ten shillings to support his family. He had already paid two pounds and four shillings, when Palmer brought an action against him that brought the debt with costs up to the thirteen pounds ten shillings and eight pence. The money lender admitted these circumstances, but said that the money was due to him, and he would leave it for the Judge to say if he was not legally entitled to an order from the Court enforcing payment. The Judge was not without humor. He observed that while the law allowed money lenders to charge what interest they liked, it also allowed him, as Judge, to exercise his discretion as to the order he should make for payment of a debt, and he exercised that discretion by making an order for the payment of the eleven pounds ten shillings and eight pence by monthly instalments of six pence, at which rate the payment will be extended over a period of thirty-seven years.

To Major James B. Pond is accorded the honor of having a page of the last Weekly Sun, the best-written and most widely circulated Sunday newspaper in Great Britain, devoted to his lecture, delivered before the Long Island Historical Society, on Henry Ward Beecher, with an "appreciation" both of the Major and Mr. Beecher from the pen of T. P. O'Connor, M. P. Mr. O'Connor concludes his article with a compliment to us, which means more from him than it would if he were the ordinary flatterer, instead of a man of sincere conviction. Speaking of the relations existing between Beecher and Major Pond, which he describes as being like those of father and son, Mr. O'Connor says: "In America with all its hard business sense these friendships between men and men are common and beautiful. I sometimes think that, take it as a whole, America is more the land of true and genuine and devoted sentiment than any other on earth."

The Westminster Gazette relates an appalling incident that occurred in the House of Lords last night. In the Peers' Gallery a lady quietly took her seat, and produced a piece of needlework embroidery. This she proceeded with great complacency to do, and as far as an inexpert male observer can vouch, artistically to operate upon. The lady was, in fact, so immensely scandalized old-fashioned Parliamentary, but no one, not even the most grave and venerable of the officials—and there are many grave and venerable officials in the Upper House—ventured to interfere with the audacious process.

The breaking waves dashed high on a stern and pebbled coast, substantially as related by the poet.

"And who," asked Governor Winthrop, rather excitedly, "is yonder red man?"

"That," answered Captain Miles Standish, "is King Massasoit."

"Well, you'd think he was Scokalexis from the look he puts on," remarked His Excellency, thus avowing a small antipathy for looking into the eyes of a native.